

THE
J E W;
 OR,
BENEVOLENT HEBREW.
 A
C O M E D Y.

As it is performed, with universal Applause,

AT THE
THEATRES ROYAL
 IN
LONDON AND DUBLIN.

WRITTEN BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Author of *The Banishment of Cicero, Summer's Tale, West
 Indian, Fashionable Lover, Cholerick Man, Carmelite,
 Natural Son, The Walloons, The Impostors,
 The Brothers, Battle of Hastings,
 Box Lobby Challenge, &c.*

DUBLIN:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DUBLIN.

Sir Stephen Bertram, Mr. Duncan.
 Frederick (his son), Mr. Raymond.
 Charles Ratcliffe, Mr. Montague.
 Saunders (first clerk
 to Sir Stephen), Mr. Barrett.
 Sheva (a Jew), Mr. Bannister, Jun.
 Jabad (his man), Mr. Callan.
 Waiter, Mr. Kelly.

LONDON.

Mr. Aickin.
 Mr. Palmer.
 Mr. Wroughton.
 Mr. Maddocks.
 Mr. Bannister, Jun.
 Mr. Suett.
 Mr. Banks.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Hopkins.
 Eliza Ratcliffe, Mrs. Coates, Miss Farren.
 Mrs. Goodison, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Booth.
 Dorcas (the Jew's
 servant), Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss Tidswell.



THE JEW;
OR,
BENEVOLENT HEBREW.
A
COMEDY.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*A Hall in a Merchant's House. Enter Sir STEPHEN
BERTRAM and FREDERICK.*

Sir STEPHEN.

WHY do you press me for reasons I am not bound to give? If I chuse to dismiss an assistant clerk from my counting house, how does it affect you?

Fred. That clerk you took at my recommendation and request, I am therefore interested to hope you have no reasons for dismissing him that affect his character.

Sir S. I am your father, Sir, and in this house sole master: I have no partners to account to;

nor will I brook any comments on my conduct from my son.

Fred. Yet, as your son, may I not, without risking your displeasure, offer one humble word upon the part of a defenceless absent friend?

Sir S. A friend!

Fred. Yes, Sir, I hope I need not blush to call Charles Ratcliffe friend: his virtues, his misfortunes, his integrity (you'll undeceive me if I err), have much endear'd him to me.

Sir S. Say rather his connexions.—Come, I see where all this friendship points—to folly, to disgrace—therefore no more of it; break off! new friendships will not cost you dear; 'tis better you shou'd cease to call him friend, than put it in his power to call you brother: in one word, Frederick, I never will accept of Ratcliffe's sister as my daughter-in-law—nor, if I can prevent it, shall you so far forget yourself, as to make her your mistress.

Fred. Mistress! Good Heaven!—You never saw Miss Ratcliffe.

Sir S. I wish you never had—But you have seen the last of her, or me: I leave you to your choice!

Exit.

Fred. I have no choice to make! She is my wife; and if to take beauty, virtue and elegance without fortune, when my father wou'd have me take fortune without them, is a crime that merits disinheritance, I must meet my punishment as I can. The only thing I dread is the severe but honourable reproof of my friend Ratcliffe, to whom this marriage is a secret, and whose disinterested resentment I know not how to face; I must dissemble with him still, for I am unprepared with my defence, and he is here.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Well met, Frederick.

Fred. I wish I cou'd say so.

Cha. Why? What's the matter now?

Fred.

Fred. I have no good news to tell you.

Cha. I don't expect it, you are not made to be the bearer of good news: knavery engrosses all fortune's favours, and fools run up and down with the tidings of it.

Fred. You are still a philosopher.

Cha. I cannot tell that, till I am tried with prosperity again; it is that which sets our failings in full view—adversity conceals them. But come, tell me in what part of my composition the ingenious cruelty of fortune can place another blow.

Fred. By my soul, Charles, I am ashamed to tell you, because the blow is given by a hand I wish to reverence. You know the temper of Sir Stephen Bertram.—He is my father, therefore I will not enlarge upon a subject that would be painful to us both.—It is with infinite regret I have seen you (nobly descended and still more nobly endow'd) earning a scanty maintenance at your desk in his counting-house. It is a slavery you are now released from.

Cha. I understand you. Sir Stephen has no further commands for me. I will go and deliver up my trust. (*Going*).

Fred. Have patience for a moment. Do you guess his reason for this hasty measure?

Cha. What care I for his reasons, when I know they cannot touch my honour.

Fred. Oh, Charles, my heart is penetrated with your situation; what will become of those beloved objects?

Cha. Why, what becomes of all the objects misery lays low? They shrink from sight, and are forgotten. You know I will not hear you on this subject. 'Twas not with my consent you ever knew there were such objects in existence.

Fred. I own it; but in this extremity, methinks you might relax a little from that rigid honour.

Cha. Never; but as the body of man is braced by Winter, so is my resolution by adversity. On this point only can we differ; why will my friend persist in urging it?

Fred.

Fred. I have done ; you have your way.

Cha. Then, with your leave, I'll go to your father.

Fred. Hold, here comes one that supercedes all other visitors---old Sheva, the rich Jew, the meereft muckworm in the city of London.

Enter SHEVA, and crosses behind.

—How the old fellow casts about for prodigals to snap at ! I'll throw him out a bait for sport.

Cha. No, let him pass ; what sport can his infirmities afford ?

Sheva. The goot day to you, my young master ! How is it with your health ? I pray is your fader, Sir Stephen Bertram, and my very goot patron, to be spokt with ?

Fred. Yes, yes, he is at home, and to be spoken to (*with some precaution*) Sheva ; but if you bring him money, you will be welcome.

Sheva. Ah, that is very goot, monies is welcome every where.

Fred. Pass on, pass on ! no more apologies, good man of money ; save your breath to count your guineas (*Exit Sheva*). That fellow wou'dn't let his shadow fall upon the earth if he could help it.

Cha. You are too hard upon him, the thing is courteous.

Fred. Hang him ; his carcase and its covering wou'dn't coin into a ducat, yet he is a moving mine of wealth.

Cha. You see these characters with indignation ; I contemplate them with pity. I have a fellow feeling for poor Sheva ; he is as much in poverty as I am, only it's poverty of another species : He wants what he has, I have nothing, and want every thing. Misers are not unuseful members of the community ; they act like banks to rivers, hold up the stream that else would run to waste, and make deep waters where there would be shallows.

Fred.

BENEVOLENT HEBREW. 9

Fred. I recollect you was his rescuer. I did not know you were his advocate.

Cha. 'Tis true, I snatched him out of jeopardy; my countrymen, with all their natural humanity, have no objection to the hustling of a Jew; the poor old creature was most roughly handled.

Fred. What was the cause?

Cha. I never asked the cause—There were a hundred upon one, that was cause enough for me to make myself a second to the party over-matched; I got a few hard knocks, but I brought off my man.

Fred. The synagogue should canonize you for the deed.

Re-enter SHEVA. CHARLES retires up the stage.

Sheva. Aha! there is no business to be done, there is no talking to your fader, he is not just now in the sweetest of all possible tempers. Any thing Mr. Bertram wanted in my way?

Fred. Yes—Sheva—there is enough wanted in your way, but I doubt it is not in your will to do it.

Sheva. I never spare my pains when business is going: be it ever such a trifle I am thankful, every little helps a poor man like me.

Fred. You speak of your spirit, I suppose, when you call yourself a poor man; all the world knows you roll in riches.

Sheva. The world knows no great deal of me. I live sparingly and labour hard, therefore I am called a miser—I cannot help it; an uncharitable dog—I must endure it; a blood sucker, an extortioner, a shyllock—hard names, Mr. Frederick—but what can a poor Jew say in return, if a Christian chuses to abuse him?

Fred. Say nothing, but spend your money like a Christian.

Sheva. We have no abiding place on earth, no country, no home, every body rails at us; every body

Fred. I have done ; you have your way.

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Fred. Say nothing, but spend your money like a Christian.

Sheva. We have no abiding place on earth, no country, no home, every body rails at us; every
body

body flouts us, every body points us out for their make-gaine and their mockery ; hard dealings for a poor stray Sheep of the scattered flock of Abraham. How can you expect us to shew kindness where we receive none ?

Charles. (advancing). That is true, friend Sheva ; I can witness. I am sorry to say, there is too much justice in your complaint.

Sheva. Bless this goot light, I did not see you. 'Tis my very goot friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, as I live. Give me your pardon, I pray you, Sir ; give me your pardon ; I should be sorry to say in your hearing that there is no charity for the poor Jews. Truly Sir, I am under very great obligations to you, for your generous protection t'other night, when I was mobb'd and mal-treated, and, for ought I can tell, should have been massacred, had not you flood forward in my defence. Truly, Sir, I bear it very thankfully in my remembrance ; truly, I do ; yes, truly.

Fred. Leave me with him, Charles. I'll hold him in discourse, whilst you go to my father.

Exit CHARLES.

Sheva. Oh ! it was very goot deed, very goot deed, to save a poor Jew from a pityless mob, and I am very, very grateful to you worthy Mr.—— Ah ! the gentleman is gone away ; that is another thing.

Fred. It is so. But your gratitude need not go away at the same time ; you are not bound to make good the proverb, "*Out of sight, out of mind.*"

Sheva. No, no, no, I am very much obliged to him, not only for my life, but for the monies and the valuables I had about me : I had been hustled out of them all but for him.

Fred. Well, then, having so much gratitude for his favours, you have now an opportunity of making some return to him.

Sheva. Yes, yes, and I do make him a return of my thanks, and my goot wishes, very heartily ;
what

BENEVOLENT HEBREW. 11

what can a poor Jew say more? I do wish him all goot things, and give him all goot words.

Fred. Good words, indeed! what are they to a man who is cast naked upon the wide world, with a widow'd mother and a defenceless sister, who look up to him for their support.

Sheva. Goot lack! Goot lack! I thought he was in occupations in your fader's counting-house.

Fred. He was, and from his scanty pittance piously supported those poor destitutes. That source is now stopp'd; and as you, when in the midst of rioters, was in want of a protector, so is he, in the midst of his misfortunes, in want of some kind friend to rescue him.

Sheva. Oh dear! Oh dear! This world is full of sadness and sorrow—miseries upon miseries—unfortunates by hundreds and by thousands, and poor Sheva has but two weak eyes to find tears for them all.

Fred. Come, come, Sheva, pity will not feed the hungry, nor cloath the naked. Ratchiffe is the friend of my heart; I am helpless in myself; my father, tho' just, is austere in the extreme—I dare not resort to him for money; nor can I turn my thoughts to any other quarter for the loan of a small sum, in this extremity, except you, so let me have your answer.

Sheva. Yes, yes, but my answer will not please you without the monies. I shall be a Jewish dog, a baboon, an Imp of Belzebub, if I don't find the monies; and when my monies is all gone, what shall I be then? an ass, a fool, a jack-a-dandy.—Oh dear! oh dear? Well, there must be conditions, look you.

Fred. To be sure; security twice secured; premium, and interest, and bond, and judgment, into the bargain. Only enable me to preserve my friend, give me that transport, and I care not what I pay for it.

Sheva.

Sheva. Mercy on my heart what haste and hurry you are in. How much do you want? a hundred pounds did you say?

Fred. More than one, more than one.

Sheva. Ah, poor Sheva! More than one hundred pounds! What, so much as two hundreds? 'Tis a great deal of monies.

Fred. Come, friend Sheva, at one word, three hundred pounds.

Sheva. Mercies defend me! what a sum!

Fred. Accommodate me with three hundred pounds; make your own terms, consult your conscience in the bargain; and I will say you are a good fellow. Oh! Sheva, did you but know the luxury of relieving honor, innocence and beauty from distress.—

Sheva. Oh! 'Tis a great luxury, I dare say, else you would not buy it at so high a price. Well, well, well, I have thought a little, and if you will come to my poor cabin in Duke's-place, you shall have the monies.

Fred. Well said, my gallant Sheva; shall I bring a bond with me to fill up?

Sheva. No, no, no, we have all those matters in my shop.

Fred. I do't doubt it—all the apparatus of an usurer. Farewel, Sheva! Be ready with your instruments—I care not what they are; only let me have the money, and you may proceed to dissection as soon after as you please.

Exit.

Sheva. Heigho! I cannot chuse but weep.—Sheva, thou art a fool; three hundred pounds by the day, how much is that in the year? Oh dear! I shall be ruin'd, starv'd, wasted to a shred.—Bowels you shall pinch for this; I'll not eat flesh this fortnight; I'll feed upon the steam of an alderman's kitchen, as I put my nose down his area.—Well, well.—But soft! a word, friend Sheva—art thou not rich, monstrous rich, abominably rich, and yet thou liv'st on a crust!—Be it so: thou dost stint

BENEVOLENT HEBREW. 13

stint thy appetite to pamper thine affections—thou dost make thyself to live in poverty, that the poor may live in plenty.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Unfeeling, heartless man, I've done with you; I'll dig, beg, perish, rather than submit to such unnatural terms: I may remain—my mother and my sister must be banish'd to a distance! why this Jew, this usurer, this enemy to our faith, whose heart is in his bags, wou'd not have used me thus.—I'll question him. *Sheva!*

Sheva. What is your pleasure?

Cha. I don't know the word.

Sheva. What is your will, then?—speak it.

Cha. Sheva! you have been a son—you had a mother—do'st remember her?

Sheva. Goot lack! goot lack! do I remember her!

Cha. Did'st love her, cherish her, support her?

Sheva. Ah me! ah me! it is as much as my poor heart will bear to think of her—I wou'd have died—

Cha. Thou hast affections, feelings, charities—

Sheva. I am a man, Sir, call me how you please.

Cha. I'll call you Christian, then, and this proud merchant Jew—

Sheva. I shall not thank you for that compliment.

Cha. And had'st thou not a sister too?

Sheva. No, no sister, no brother, no son, no daughter; I am a solitary being, a waif on the world's wide common.

Cha. And thou hast hoarded wealth, till thou art sick with gold, even to plethora; thy bags run over with the spoils of usury, thy veins are glutted with the blood of prodigals and gamesters.

Sheva. I have enough, something perhaps to spare.

Cha. And I have nothing—nothing to spare, but miseries, with which my measure overflows. By

B

Heaven

Heaven it racks my soul to think that those belov'd sufferers shou'd want, and this thing so abound (*aside*).—Now, Sheva, now if you and I were out of sight of man, benighted in some desert, wild as my thoughts, naked as my fortune, shou'd you not tremble?

Sheva. What should I tremble for? you cou'd not harm a poor, defenceless aged man.

Cha. Indeed, indeed, I cou'd not harm you, Sheva, whilst I retained my senses.

Sheva. Sorrow disturbs them; yes, yes, it is sorrow. Ah me! ah me! poor Sheva, in his time, has been driven mad with sorrow. 'Tis a hard world.

Cha. Sir, I have done you wrong; you pity me, I am sure you do; those tones cou'd never proceed but from a feeling heart.

Sheva. Try me, touch me, I am not made of marble—I could say something—it is in my thoughts—but no; I will not say it here, this is the house of trade. Come home with me, so please you—'tis but a little walk---and you shall see what I have shewn to no man, Sheva's real heart--I do not carry it in my hand---Come, come, I pray you come along.

[*Exeunt*:]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

*An Apartment at Mrs. RATCLIFFE'S.**Enter ELIZA.*

ELIZA.

O H, happy me ! possessed of all my heart delights in ; and miserable me, for having ruined what I love.—Alas ! poor Bertram, fond to desperation, generous to thy destruction—why, then, did I marry, wherefore did I suffer him to be the victim of a fatal passion ? What power perverted understanding, heart, humanity ? What power, but that which can do all things, good or ill ; make virtue, and unmake it ; animate our courage, and extinguish it ? Love is at once my crime and my excuse. Good Heaven ! my mother !

Enter Mrs. RATCLIFFE. ELIZA takes her hand, and kisses it.

Mrs. R. Child, what means this more than usual agitation ?

Eliza. Is it then more than usual ?

Mrs. R. You weep.

Eliza. Do I ? 'Tis natural, when I contemplate a face so dear and so decayed, furrowed with cares and sorrows for my sake.—Ah ! my dear mother, you have loved me much too well.

Mrs. R. My darling, can that be, seeing I love your brother also ? You share my heart between you.

B 2

Eliza.

Eliza. Give all to him, he has deserved it better.

Mrs. R. Heaven bless him to the extent of his deservings! In him rests all our hope; to him we cling, as to the last dear relic of our wretched nobility. But he's a man, *Eliza*, and endowed with strength and fortitude to struggle in the storm; we are weak, helpless women, and can do no more than suffer and submit.

Eliza. True; but there is a part allotted to the weakest of us, even to me—an humble one indeed, and easily performed, since nothing is required but to obey, to love you, and to honour you.

Mrs. R. And you have done it faithfully, my child.

Eliza. You think so, my dear mother, but your praise is my reproach. Oh! had I now a crime upon my conscience, and should I kneel thus [*kneels*], and beg for pardon at your feet, what would you say?

Mrs. R. Astonishment might keep me silent for a while, but my first words would be to pity and forgive you.

Eliza. That I can err, this guilty hand can witness. Well may you start—that hand is *Bertram's*; and that ring, pledged at the altar, was put on by him this very morning.—I am *Bertram's* wife.

Mrs. R. Rise; quit this supplicating posture, till you find yourself in the presence of some person less disposed to pardon you than I am.

Eliza. How mild is that rebuke! how merciful! Your eye, like nature's, penetrates my heart; you see it weak as woman's resolution is; impassioned, not impure; conquered, but not corrupted.

Mrs. R. I see myself reflected in my child: justice demands a censure, conscious recollection checks me from pronouncing it.—But you have a brother, whose high soaring spirit will not brook clandestine marriages; your husband has a father of another spirit, I fear.—Alas! my child, between the lofty and the low, you must steer well to keep a steady course.

Eliza.

BENEVOLENT HEBREW. 17

Eliza. I see my danger ; and though Bertram's ardour painted it in fainter colours than its true complexion may demand, yet I should hope the nature of a father cannot be so stern as never to forgive a choice that disappoints, but, let me hope, does not disgrace him.

Mrs. R. The name of Ratcliffe cannot : a daughter of your house, in better days, would hardly have advanced his knighthood higher than her foot-cloth.

Eliza. Aye, madam ; but the pride of birth does but add slings to poverty : we must forget those days.

Mrs. R. Your father never did.

Eliza. Aye ! my father——

Mrs. R. Your brother never will.

Eliza. Yet he is humble for our sakes.—Think what he does—good Heav'ns ! my husband's father's clerk ! Dear madam, tell me, why did he not rather go where his courage called him, where his person would have graced the colours that he carried ?

Mrs. R. Child ! child ! what colours ? surely you forget ; the interdiction of a father barred him from that service.

Eliza. Alas ! alas !

Mrs. R. The bread would choak him that he earned under a father's curse.

Eliza. We have bled for our opinions, and we have starved for them ; the axe, and sword, and poverty have made sad havock in our family ; 'tis time we were at peace. The world is now before me ; on this hour depends the fate of all perhaps that are to come : Frederick is with his father ; he is determined to avow his marriage and to meet the consequences.—I never saw Sir Stephen, and have only conjecture to direct me.—I tremble for the event.

Mrs. R. 'Tis a distressful interim ; and it is now the hour when I expect your brother.

Eliza. Oh! that is worse than all. For pity's sake hide me from him till Frederick returns.—Let me retire.

Mrs. R. Come then, my child. I know not what it is, but something whispers me that all will yet be well.

Eliza. Ten thousand blessings on you for that charming hope; how my heart bounds to embrace it; 'tis an auspicious omen, and I hail it like the voice of inspiration. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An apartment in SHEVA's house.

Enter DORCAS.

Dorcas. Why Jabal! I say Jabal! where are you, sluggard?

Enter JABAL.

Jab. Here I am, mother Dorcas. Oh! what a starving star was I born under, to be the rich Jew's poor servant: no rest, no peace, whilst you lie awake.—Lud-a-mercy! if you did but know how your pipe echoes through this empty house.

Dor. Child, child, you must not think to be idle here.

Jab. Why what would you have me do? brush the bare walls for a breakfast? A spider could not make a meal upon them.

Dor. I warrant thou hast filled thy belly, cormorant.

Jab. I have not had a bellyful since I belonged to you: you take care there shall be no fire in the kitchen, master provides no prog upon the shelf; so, between you both, I have plenty of nothing—but cold and hunger.

Dor.

Dor. Hunger, indeed! how should thy stomach ever be filled, when there is no bottom to it? 'Tis like the Dead sea, fathomless.

Jab. 'Tis like the Dead sea so far, that neither fish nor flesh are to be found within it.

Dor. Sirrah, you have a better master than you think, for it's unknown the charities he gives away.

Jab. You are right, it is unknown, at least I never found the secret out. If it's charity to keep an empty cupboard, he has that to boast of: the very rats would run away from such a caterer. If it is charity to cloath the naked, here is a sample of it: examine this old drab, you may count the threads without spectacles; a spider's web is a warm blanket to it. If it is charity to feed the hungry, I have an empty stomach at his service, to which his charity at this present moment would be very seasonable.

Dor. You must mortify your carnal appetites; how often shall I teach you that lesson?

Jab. Every time I set my eyes upon you.

Dor. Hav'n't you the credit of belonging to one of the richest men in the city of London?

Jab. I wish I was turnspit to the poorest cook-shop, instead.—Oh! if my master had but fixed his abode at Pye-corner, or Pudding-lane, or Fish-street-hill, or any of those savoury places! What am I the fatter for the empty dignity of Duke's-place? I had rather be a miser's heir than a miser's servant.

Dor. And who knows what may happen? Master has not a relation I ever heard of in the universal world.

Jab. No, he has starved 'em all out. A camelion could not live with him; he would grudge him even the air he feeds on.

Dor. For shame, slanderer! his good deeds will shine out in time.

Jab. I sha'n't stand in their light: they may shine through me, for I am grown transparent in his service. Had he not like to have been torn to pieces
t'other

t'other day by the mob, for turning a cat out of his area ?

Dor. And whose fault was it but thine, ungracious boy, for putting it there ? I am sure I have cause to bless the gentleman that saved him. But hush ! here comes my good master, and, as I live, the very gentleman with him ! Ah—then I guess what is going forward.

[*JAB. reaches two chairs.*

Enter SHEVA and CHARLES.

Sheva. So, so, so ! what's here to do with you ? why are you not both at your work ? *Dorcas*, a cup of cold water, I am thirsty.

[*Exit DOR.*

Jab. Are you not rather hungry, too, Sir.

Sheva. Hold your tongue, puppy ! get about your business ; and here, take my hat, clean it carefully, but mind you do not brush it, that will take off the nap.

Jab. The nap, indeed ! there is not shelter for a flea.

[*Exit.*

Sheva. Aha ! I am tired. I beg your pardon, Mr. Ratcliffe, I am an old man. Sit you down I pray you, sit you down, and we will talk a little.

Enter DORCAS, with a glass of water ; and JABAL, who crosses behind and goes off.

So, so, that is right—water is goot. Fie upon you, *Dorcas*, why do you not offer the glass to my guest before me.

Dor. Lord love him, I'd give him wine if I had it.

Sheva. No, no, it is goot water, it is better than wine : wine is heating, water is cooling ; wine costs monies, water comes for nothing. Your goot health, Sir. Oh ! it is delicious, it is satisfying. Go your ways, *Dorcas*, go your ways. [*Exit DOR.*] Sir, I have nothing to ask you to, but that water, which you

you would not drink, 'twas very goot water notwithstanding. Ah! Mr. Ratcliffe, I must be saving now, I must pinch close.

Cba. For what? are you not rich enough to allow yourself the common necessaries of life.

Sheva. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I am very rich to be sure! Mercy on me, what a world of monies shou'd I now have, if I had no pity in my heart.

Cba. But if you are so charitable to others, why can't you spare a little to yourself?

Sheva. Because I am angry with myself for being such a baby, a child, a chicken. Your people do not love me, what business have I to love your people? I am a Jew; my fathers, up to Abraham, all were Jews: merciless mankind, how have you persecuted them! My family is all gone, it is extinct; my very name will vanish out of memory when I am dead. I pray you pardon me, I am very old, and apt to weep; I pray you pardon me.

Cba. I am more disposed to subscribe to your tears, then to find fault with them.

Sheva. Well, well, well, 'tis natural for me to weep when I reflect upon their sufferings and my own.—Sir, you shall know——But I won't tell you my sad story, you are young and tender-hearted; it's all written down—you shall find it with my papers at my death.

Cba. Sir! at your death!

Sheva. Yes; sure I must die some time or other; tho' you have saved my life once, you cannot save it always. I did tell you, Mr. Ratcliffe, I would shew you my heart: Sir, it is a heart to do you all possible goot whilst I live, and to pay you the debt of gratitude when I die.

Enter JABAL.

Jab. A gentleman, who says his name is Bertram, waits to speak with you; I fancy he comes to borrow money, for he looks wond'rous melancholy.

Sheva.

Sheva. Hold your tongue, knave; what is it to you what he comes for.

Jab. I'm sure he does not come for a dinner—for he has not brought it with him.

Sheva. I pray you, Mr. Ratcliffe, pass out that way, I would not have you both meet. [*Exit CHA.*] Admit Mr. Bertram.

[*Exit JAB.*]

Re-enter JABAL, introducing FREDERICK, then crosses behind, and exit.

Sheva. You are welcome, Mr. Bertram; our business may quickly be dispatched; you want three hundred pounds, I have made shift to scrape that sum together, and its ready for you.

Fred. Alas! Sheva, since last I saw you, I am so totally undone, that it would be robbery to take your money: my father has expelled me from his house!

Sheva. Why? for what cause?

Fred. I have married.

Sheva. Well, that is natural enough.

Fred. Married without his knowledge.

Sheva. So did he without your's; what besides?

Fred. Married a wife without a farthing.

Sheva. Ah! that is very silly, I must say.

Fred. You could not say so, did you know the lady.

Sheva. That may be, but I do not know the lady—you have not named her to me.

Fred. The sister of Charles Ratcliffe.

Sheva. Ah! to Miss Ratcliffe? is it so? And she is good and lovely, but she has no monies, and that has made your father very angry with you?

Fred. Furious—irreconcilable.

Sheva. Why, truly, monies is a good thing; and your father is not the only man in England that does think so; I confess I am very much of his mind, in respect of monies.

Fred.

Fred. Are you? Then keep your money, and good morning to you.

Shewa. Hold, hold, be not so hasty. If I do love my monies, it may be because I have it in my power to tender them to you.

Fred. But I have said I never can repay you, whilst you are in this world.

Shewa. Perhaps I shall be content to be repaid when I am out of it.—I believe I have a pretty many *post-obits* of that sort upon the file.

Fred. I do not rightly understand you.

Shewa. Then pray you have a little patience, till I am better understood.—Sir Stephen had a match for you in view.

Fred. He had.

Shewa. What was the lady's fortune?

Fred. Ten thousand pounds.

Shewa. That is a goot round sum; but you did not love her, and you do love your wife?

Fred. As dearly as you love your money.

Shewa. A little better, we will hope, for I do lend my monies to my friend; for instance, take these bills—three hundred pounds. What ails you? they are goot bills, they are bank. Oh! that I had a sack full of them. They will hire you very pretty lodging, and you will be very happy with your pretty wife. I pray you take them; why will you be so hard with a poor Jew, as to refuse him a goot bargain, when you know he loves to lay his money out to profit and advantage?

Fred. Are you in earnest? You astonish me!

Shewa. I am a little astonished too, for I did never see a man so backward to take monies. You are not like your fader; I am afraid you are a little proud.

Fred. You shall not say so—I accept your generous tender.

Shewa. I wish it was ten thousand pounds, then your goot fader would be well content.

Fred. Yes; of two equal fortunes I believe he would be good enough to let me take my choice.

Shewa.

Sheva. Ah! that is very kind—he would give you the preference when he had none himself.

Fred. Just so. But what acknowledgment shall I give you for these bills?

Sheva. None, none; I do acknowledge that myself, with very great pleasure in serving you, and no small pains in parting from them. I pray you make yourself and pretty wife comfortable with the monies, and I will comfort myself as well as I can without them. I must go in about some business; I pray you pardon my unpoliteness.

Fred. No apology; I am gone. Farewell, *Sheva*: thou a miser! thou art a prince. [Exit.]

Sheva. Jabal open the door.

Enter JABAL.

Jab. 'Tis done, Sir.

Sheva. How now, sirrah, you were listening at the key-hole.

Jab. Not I, Sir; I was only oiling the lock; you love to have your bolts slip easily.

Sheva. You are a jackanapes; I shall slip you out of my doors by and by. [Exit.]

Jab. You may slip me thro' the crack of it if I stay much longer with you. [*DORCAS enters, and crosses behind.*] But to be sure I did listen, that is the truth of it. Hip! holloa! mother Dorcas. [*DORC. comes forward.*] Oh, I am glad you are in the way. I'll tell you a secret.

Dor. Let me hear it, Jabal, I love a secret.

Jab. I have made a discovery.

Dor. I have no objection to a discovery; out with it.

Jab. Mother Dorcas, I have discovered that our old master is no more a miser than I am.

Dor. I told you so.

Jab. So you did; but that's not all—I have found out, besides, that he is no Hebrew; no more a Jew than Julius Cæsar; for, to my certain knowledge, he

he gives away his money by handfulls to the consumers of hog's flesh.

Dor. He is merciful to all mankind.

Jab. Yes—and to all sheep and oxen, lambs and calves, for he will not suffer us to touch a morsel of their flesh.—Now, because he lives without food, that's no reason I should starve for want of eating. Oh! mother Dorcas, 'tis untold what terrible and abominable temptations I struggle with.

Dor. How are you tempted, child? Tell me what it is that moves you.

Jab. Why, it is the Devil himself, in the shape of a Bologna sausage.—Gracious! how my mouth did water as I saw a string of them dangling from the penthouse of an oilman's shop. The fellow would have persuaded me they were not made of hog's flesh. Oh! If I could have believed him——

Dor. Oh, horrible! You must not touch the unclean beast.

Jab. No, to be sure; your people have never tasted bacon since they came out of the land of *Ham*.

Dor. Jaba! Jaba! what an escape you have had!

Jab. So had the sausages, for my teeth quivered to be at them.

Dor. Come, my good lad, thou shalt be recompensed for thy self-denial—I have an egg for thee in the kitchen.

Jab. I hope it is an ostrich's, for I am mortally sharp set. Oh, mother Dorcas, I have a thought in my head—I will give old master warning, and seek my fortune elsewhere.

Dor. Where will you seek it?

Jab. Where there is plenty of prog, be assured: I will go upon the stage, and turn actor. There is a great many eating parts, and I hope to fill them all. I was treated t'other night to a play, where there was a fine notable leg of mutton served up to table.—Oh! how I did long to be the attorney. I won't say so many good things would have come out of my mouth, but a pretty many more would have gone into it.

Dor. How you ramble, firrah; what megrims you have in your head.

Jab. Emptiness breeds them. Mercy! how glad I should be to see it written down in my part, Enter Jabal with a roast chicken.

Dor. Come, come, homelier fare must content you: let us light the lamp and boil our egg.

Jab. Our egg! What, is it between us? One egg and two to eat it!

Dor. Well, I care not if I spend sixpence for a treat, so thou wilt be sociable and merry when it is over.

Jab. Agreed, only give good cheer for my dinner, and we will have good humour for the desert. Oh, that leg of lamb.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I.

An apartment at Mrs. RATCLIFFE'S.

Enter FREDERICK and Mrs. RATCLIFFE.

FREDERICK.

CAN you forgive me? has my lovely advocate
sued out my pardon? and may I now invoke
a blessing on my love and me?

Mrs. R. Heaven in its bounty bless you both;
may all good fortunes follow you, all comforts light
upon you, and love and happiness ever subsist be-
tween you.

Fred. Such piety can never pray in vain. Where
is Eliza?

Mrs. R. She does not know you are here. Shall
I call her?

Fred. Not yet. I have a little sum, and you
must be our banker; Charles is too proud to touch
it; his spirit is of a pitch too high to stoop to
worldly matters. We have been warm and cordial
friends, how we may fare as brothers Heaven only
knows; I have some fears.

Mrs. R. Eliza is impressed with the same appre-
hensions; but if Sir Stephen acquiesces, all will be
well; I hope this is a token of his forgiveness.

Fred. I will serve to set us out. I have provided
lodgings more commodious. I hope you will permit
Eliza to remove; and I have a further suit,—that
you will have the goodness to accompany her.

Mrs. R. Well; but you do not answer my ques-
tion—hav'n't you seen your father?

Fred. I have seen him.

Mrs. R. And explained to him?

Fred. I have.

Mrs. R. Well, what says he?

Fred. If he had said what would have done him honour, and given ease to my Eliza's mother, I should not have waited for your question. May I now see Eliza? There is a cloud on my heart also, which only her bright presence can dispel.

Mrs. R. Ah, Sir! she can be only bright henceforward by reflection; her sunshine must be caught from your's; however, I will send her to you.

Exit.

Fred. Oh! that my father was now standing by me, to behold her, and confess how irresistible she is. (*Enter ELIZA*). Oh! my soul's joy, my treasure, my Eliza. (*embracing her*).

Eliza. Frederick, what tidings?

Fred. None, but of love increasing with each moment, glowing with every beam that those soft eyes diffuse, and heighten'd into rapture by those charms, those graces, that each look, word, motion, spread around you.

Eliza. These are fond, flattering words; but where's the consolation that you would have given me, had you brought back a pardon from your father? This ardour only proves that you had too much love, and I too little generosity.

Fred. Take courage, love; I have not lost the field, only prolonged the fight: I have but skirmished with him yet, he has not felt my strength—let me set you in fight, and—

Eliza. Oh, you rash man! why did you take such pains to be undone? Why lull me into dreams of happiness, 'till I forgot that I was poor and wretched—deceiver of yourself and me. I thought we trod on flowers, and never spied the precipice before us.

Fred. I see no precipice, I fear none.

Eliza. Hear me, my Frederick; let love stand off a while, and give your ear to reason.—'Tis fit that you should know the heart for which you have risked

risqued so much. Our marriage was a rash one, be that my witness how I loved you; for never 'till this day had I the recollection of one act that weighed upon my conscience, or reproached me with the sin of disobedience, in the slightest instance. But though I wanted firmness to oppose your love, I am not void of courage to prevent your ruin.—Have patience; hear me out.—Sir Stephen Bertram wished for money: I have none to give him; the fortune of my house is crushed—the spirit yet survives, even in me, the weakest and perhaps the humblest of the name: but I resist contempt; and if he spurns my poverty, I have a sure resource, that shall compel him to applaud my spirit.

Fred. What do you mean? Your looks, your language terrify me.

Eliza. Oh! I have loved you too well to trifle; I will convince the world 'twas not by interest my heart was gained; 'twas not to keep off want, to live at ease, and make the noble relicks of my family retainers of his charity. I married to Sir Stephen Bertram's son: it was with worthier, purer views—to share his thoughts, unite my heart to his, and make his happiness my own: these sentiments are my inheritance: if these will not suffice for his ambition, they will teach me how to act under the imputation of his son's seducer.

Fred. Hence with that word, it is a profanation to your lips. Was ever man so blest, so exalted, as I am? If pride will not see it, if avarice cannot feel it, is that a reason why humility and gratitude should not be blest in the enjoyment of it.

Enter Mrs. RATCLIFFE.

Mrs. R. Eliza, your brother is come.

Eliza. Leave me, Frederick; I beseech you leave me: let me confer with him alone; there is no way else to pacify him.

Mrs. R. Come, let us yield to her, I do believe she's right.

[*Exeunt Mrs. R. and FRED.*

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Alone! how is my dear Eliza? you look pale, my love; have you been out? or are you going out? has any thing occurred?—you are more drest than usual.

Eliza. Am I! no, sure; you have seen this dress before, I have nothing new.

Cha. I can't say quite as much, for I have a new livelihood to seek—Sir Stephen has discarded me.

Eliza. Oh I sye upon him.

Cha. No, no, the man is worldly wise, no more: he has a son, Eliza, and he has found out I have a portionless sister; who can blame him? But to confute suspicion and put the careful merchant at his ease, we will cut short the question, and retire from London.

Eliza. Where must we go?

Cha. Far enough off for his purpose, to be sure. I am sorry, on account of Frederick, for I love him; but he has been too frequent in his visits here, and he knows I think so: he will be happier for our parting.

Eliza. I doubt that.—Is your resolution taken?

Cha. Irrevocably. Where is my mother?

Eliza. Stay—hear your sister first.

Cha. What ails you? what is coming? why do you tremble?

Eliza. Oh, Charles! (*Weeps*).

Cha. What is it? speak.

Eliza. I am the wife of Frederick.

Cha. Heaven and good angels forbid it!

Eliza. Heaven and good angels, as I hope, have witnessed it.

Cha. Rash girl, you have undone him! torn atunder nature's strongest tie—set father against son! When was the name of Ratchliffe dishonoured until now.

Eliza. Charles, brother, benefactor! is there yet a name more tender? an appeal more sacred? did hard

hard fortune leave me only one protector, one dear friend, and will not he forgive me? Take me, then, and hurl me to the ground, as one not worth preserving. (*Throws herself on his neck*).

Cha. Wretched Eliza! did I ever 'till this moment meet your embrace with coldness? Have I not loved you—Heaven and Earth, how much! how then have I deserved to be dishonoured (*throws herself off*) by you; and to have my name stamp'd, as the joint seducer of a fond, weak youth, who will have cause to execrate the hour when first he called me friend?

Eliza. Strike me not to the heart with your reproaches, but in pity hear me: I am not lightly minded; not ignobly taught how to distinguish honour; for I am your sister, and have a taint that does not blush to call me daughter—she has pronounced my pardon.

Cha. She is all pity: sorrow has melted her fond heart to weakness.

Eliza. And can you, then, find no excuse for mine? What have I known but sorrow, except gratitude to you, and love to Frederick? Cannot you allow for a fond, sorrow-melted heart in me, as well as in my mother? You said but now, that as a friend you loved him: I love him as a friend; but women's friendship to your sex, when years, affections, sentiments so harmonized as Frederick's with mine, how long will it retain its station in two hearts, before it draws them closer, and unites them as you see?

Cha. We'll have no more of this, Eliza; there is a weakness lurking at my heart, that warns me how I trust myself too far. You have made wreck of your own honour—wretched girl! I may still rescue mine. [Exit.]

Enter FREDERICK and Mrs. RATCLIFFE.

Mrs. R. Eliza, my dear child, how has it pass'd?
Fred.

Fred. It is too plain how it has passed—she is in tears, pale, and trembling.—By my soul, it is too much. Why did I leave her to his keen rebukes?—By Heaven I'll follow—

Eliza. Give me your arm; lead me into the other room; I shall recover there, if you will be but patient. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Sir STEPHEN's Hall.

Enter Sir STEPHEN and SAUNDERS.

Sir S. Well, Saunders, what news have you been able to collect of my undutiful son?

Saun. I have not seen Mr. Bertram; but I am told he has settled himself in very handsome lodgings, and is gone to remove his lady to them.

Sir S. His lady! do you call her? can you find no fitter term? Where should he get the means to settle? he was not furnished with them by me, who else would do it? If he attempts to raise money upon expectancies, be it at their peril who are fools enough to trust him—no prudent man will be his bubble. If I was sure that was his practice, I should hold it matter of conscience to advertize against his debts.

Saun. Perhaps there may be persons in the world who think you will not hold out against an only son.

Sir S. Then let those persons smart for their opinion: they little know the feelings of an injured father; they cannot calculate my hopes, my disappointments, my regret: he might have had a lady with an ample fortune; a wife without a shilling is—But what avails complaint. Could you learn nothing further? who supplies him? who holds him up?

Saun. I hear that he had money of your broker, Sheva.

Sir S.

Sir S. That must be false intelligence ; he will as soon make gold by transmutation, as wring it from the gripe of that old usurer.—No, no, Sheva is too wary, too much a Jew, to help him with a shilling.

Saun. Yet I was so inform'd by his own servant.

Sir S. It mocks all belief ; it only proves that Sheva, the most inveterate miser in existence, has a fellow Jew, for his servant, one of the completest liars in creation.

Saun. I am apt to give him credit for the fact, notwithstanding.

Sir S. Then give me leave to say you have more faith than most men living : was I to give so much credit, Mr. Saunders, I should soon stop.

Saun. I am not quite so fix'd in my persuasion of old Sheva's character, as you are : in his dealings, all the world knows he is punctiliously honest—no man's character stands higher in the alley ; and his servant tells me, though he starves himself, he is secretly very charitable to others.

Sir S. Yes, this you may believe, if you are disposed to take one Jew's word for another Jew's character ; I am obstinate against both ; and if he has supplied the money, as I am sure it must be on usurious principles, as soon as ever I have the old miser in my reach, I will either wring the truth from his lips, or the life out of his carcase.

Enter SHEVA.

Sheva. How does my worthy master ? I am your very humble servant, goot Sir Stephen Bertram ; I have a little private business to impart to you, with your goot leave, and if your leisure serves.

Sir S. Leave us, if you please. (*To SAUN.*)

[*Exit SAUN.*]

Sheva. Aha ! I am very much fatigued ; there is great throng and press in the offices at the bank, and I am aged and feeble—(*going to sit*).

Sir S. Hold, Sir ! before I welcome you within these doors, or suffer you to sit down in my presence,

sence, I demand to know explicitly, and without prevarication, if you have furnish'd my son with money secretly, and without my knowledge?

Sheva. If I do lend my monies, ought I not to lend it in secret? If I do not ask your leave, Sir Stephen, may I not dispose of my own monies according to my own liking? But if it is a crime, I do wish to ask you, who is my accuser; that I believe is justice every where; and in your happy country, I do think it is law likewise.

Sir S. Very well, Sir; you shall have both law and justice—The information comes from your own servant, Jabal; can you controvert it?

Sheva. I do presume to say, my servant ought not to report his master's secrets; but I will not say he has not spoken the truth.

Sir S. Then you confess the fact.

Sheva. I humbly think there is no need of that: you have the information from my footboy—I do not deny it.

Sir S. And the sum.

Sheva. I do not talk of the sum, Sir Stephen, that is not my practice; neither, under favour, is my footboy, cashier; if he be a knave and listen at my keyhole, the more shame his, I am not in the fault.

Sir S. Not in the fault! Wretch! Miser! Usurer! You never yet let loose a single guinea from your gripe, but with the view of doubling it at the return; I know what you are.

Sheva. 'Tis more than I will say of myself—But I am a Jew: a poor defenceless Jew: that is enough to make me miser, usurer.—Alas! I cannot help it.

Sir S. No matter: you are caught in your own trap: I tell you now my son is ruined, disinherited, undone; one consolation is, that you have lost your money.

Sheva. If that be a consolation you are welcome to it; if my monies are lost, my motives are not.

Sir S. I'll never pay one farthing of his debts; he has offended me for life; refused a lady with

ten thousand pounds, and married a poor Miss without a doit!

Sheva. Yes, I do understand your son is married.

Sir S. Do you so; by the same token I understand you to be a villain.

Sheva. Aha! that is a very bad word—Villain!—I did never think to hear that word from one who says he knows me; I pray you now, permit me to speak a word or two in my own defence: I have done a great deal of business for you, Sir Stephen; have put a pretty deal of monies in your pocket, by my pains and labours; I did never wrong you of one sixpence in my life; I was content with my lawful commission—How can I be a villain?

Sir S. Do you not uphold the son against the father?

Sheva. I do uphold the son, but not against the fader; it is not natural to suppose, the oppressor and the fader one and the same person; I did see your son struck down to the ground with sorrow; cut to the heart; I did not stop to ask whose hand had laid him low; I gave him mine, and raised him up.

Sir S. You, you talk of charity.

Sheva. I do not talk of it; I feel it.

Sir S. What claim have you to generosity, humanity, or any manly virtue? Which of your money-making tribe ever had sense of pity? Shew me the terms on which you have lent this money; if you dare, exhibit the dark deed, by which you have mesh'd your victim in the snares of usury: but be assured, I'll drag you to light, and publish your base dealings to the world. (*Catches SHEVA by the arm.*)

Sheva. Take your hand from my coat—my coat and I are very old, and pretty well worn out together.—There—there—be patient—be patient—moderate your passions, and you shall see my terms; they are in little compass; fair dealings may be comprised in few words.

Sir S. If they are fair, produce them.

Sheva.

Shewa. Let me see, let me see; Ah! Poor Sheva—I do so tremble, I can hardly hold my papers—So; so; no I am right—Aha—here it is, take it (*give Sir Stephen a paper*) do you not see it now? Have you not cast your eyes over it?

Sir S. (Reads) “Ten thousand pounds invested in the 3 per cents, money of Eliza, late Ratcliffe, now Bertram”—I’m thunderstruck.

Shewa. Are you so? I was struck too, but not by thunder; Heaven was not angry with a poor old man; what has Sheva done to be call’d villain. I am a jew; what then? Is that a reason none of my tribe shou’d have a sense of pity? you have no great deal of pity yourself, but I do know many noble British merchants that abound in pity, therefore I do not abuse your tribe.

Sir S. I am confounded and ashamed; I see my fault and most sincerely ask your pardon.

Shewa. Goot lack! good lack! that is too much, I pray you goot Sir Stephen, say no more; you’ll bring the blush upon my cheek, if you demean so far to a poor Jew, who is your very humble servant to command.

Sir S. Did my son know Miss Ratcliffe had this fortune.

Shewa. When ladies are so handsome and so goot, no generous man will ask about their fortune.

Sir S. ’Tis plain I was not that generous man.

Shewa. No, no, you did ask about nothing else.

Sir S. But how in the name of wonder did she come by it?

Shewa. If you did give me monies to buy stock, wou’d you not be much offended were I to ask you how you came by it.

Sir S. Her brother was my clerk; I did not think he had a shilling in the world.

Shewa. And yet you turn’d him upon the world, where he has found a great many shillings; the world, you see, was the better master of the two. Well, Sir Stephen, I will humbly take my leave; you wish’d your son to marry a lady with ten thousand

land pounds, he has exactly fulfill'd your wishes ; I do presume you will not think it necessary to turn him out of doors, and disinherit him for that.

Sir S. Go on—I merit your reproof, I shall henceforward be asham'd to look you or my son in the face,

Sheva. To look me in the face, is to see nothing of my heart ; to look upon your son, and not to love him, I should have thought had been impossible. Sir Stephen, I am your very humble servant.

Sir S. Farewell, friend Sheva ; can you forgive me?

Sheva. I can forgive my enemy, much more my friend. [Exeunt.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

D

A C T

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Sir STEPHEN'S hall.**Enter Sir STEPHEN and SAUNDERS.**Sir STEPHEN.*

I AM wrong, Saunders; totally wrong in the manner I have resented my son's marriage.

Saun. I flatter'd myself you wou'd not hold out long against a worthy son, it is not in the nature of a father to resent so deeply.

Sir S. Very true, Saunders, very true, my heart is not a hard one. But the lady he has married has ten thousand pounds to her fortune.

Saun. Oh! that indeed makes all the difference in life; that is a mollifying circumstance, I confess.

Sir S. I know not how she came by it, it seems the work of magic, but so it surely is, I saw the flock in Sheva's hands.

Saun. Well Sir, you cou'd not have it from better hands than from the author himself.

Sir S. How! what! from Sheva! impossible! Ratcliffe is of a great family; some sudden wind-fall; some relation dead; you'll see him in mourning next time you meet.

Saun. He has not put it on yet, for I left him this minute in the computing-house; he is waiting to speak with you.

Sir S. So, so, so; now then the news will come out---but, prithee, don't let the gentleman wait; we must make up for past slights by double civility. Pray, inform Mr. Ratcliffe, I shall be most happy to receive his commands. (*Exit Saunders.*) Now

I shall

I shall be curious to see how this young man will carry himself in prosperity ; had I but staid one day longer without discharging him, I could have met him with a better face.

Enter RATCLIFFE.

Cha. Sir Stephen Bertram, I shall not engross much of your time ; my business will be dispatched in very few words.

Sir S. Whatever commands you may have for me, Mr. Ratcliffe, I am perfectly at your service.

Cha. I don't doubt it, Sir, but I shall not put your spirit to any great trial ; my explanation will not be a hostile one, unless you chuse to understand it as such.

Sir S. Far be it from me to wish it ; good terms, between near connexions, you know, Sir, should always be cultivated.

Cha. You are pleased to be facetious, but your irony will not put me by from telling you, that your son's connexion with my family, is no match of my making. If my sister has dishonoured herself, it behoves me to say, and to say it on my solemn word, that the whole transaction was kept perfectly secret from me, and has received every mark of my displeasure and resentment, that I have as yet had an opportunity to give it.

Sir S. Proud as Lucifer himself. (*aside*). Well, Sir, if you are dissatisfied with the match, I can only say, I am not in the fault of it. But when you say your sister is dishonoured, I protest I do not perfectly understand you ; nor did I quite expect such an expression from you.

Cha. Probably you did not ; your studies, perhaps, have lain more in the book of accompts, than in the book of honour.

Sir S. You are very high, Sir, I am afraid your unexpected good fortune has rather intoxicated you.

Cha. No, Sir, the best good fortune I have known this day, was that which discharged me from your connexion ; not this which unwillingly imposes it upon me.

Sir S. Very well, Mr. Ratcliffe ; it was not with this sort of conversation I was prepared to entertain you ; the sooner we put an end to it the better ; only this, I must take leave to tell you, that the fortune of the family into which your sister has married, is by no means overbalanced by the fortune she has brought into it.

Cha. Aye, now your heart's come out ; that mercenary taunt is all you have to say ; but had my wish prevailed, you never should have had it in your power to utter Ratcliffe's name without a blush, for your unwarranted suspicion of his honour.

[*Exit.*

Sir. S. He's mad ; his head is turn'd ; prosperity has overset him. If the sister of this spark is furnished with no better brains, poor Frederick has made a precious bargain ; we shall breed candidates for Bedlam.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

An apartment in SHEVA's house.

Enter SHEVA. Old table and two chairs. Bell on the table.

Sheva. Ah ha ! very goot, very goot, I am at home ; now I will sit down in mine own parlour, and not ask leave of any body, (*sits*). I did not think I could have given so large a sum away, and yet outliv'd it ; but I am pretty well. There is but one man in the world poorer than he was, and he is going out of it, and there is a couple at least a great deal happier, and they are coming into it : well, well, that is two for one, cent. per cent. so I have made pretty goot bargain. Now I will ring my bell, and order my dinner ; yes, yes, I will eat my

my dinner, for I am hungry. (*Rings, enter JABAL.*) Oh! you knave; oh! you picklock; how dare you listen at my door, and hear my secrets? Sirrah, I will have your ears nail'd to it—don't you speak, don't you speak; you will make me angry, and that will spoil my appetite. What have you got in the house for my repast?

Jab. Plenty; as good luck will have it.

Sheva. Plenty, say you; what is it? let me hear.

Jab. An egg-shell, and the skins of three potatoes; shall I serve them up at once, or make two courses of them?

Sheva. How now, you jackanapes! one egg-shell is nothing goot for a hungry man. Have you left some of the potatoes in the skins?

Jab. Not an atom: you may have the broth they were boil'd in.

Sheva. You are a saucy knave, to make a joke of your master: do you think I will keep a jack-pudding in my house like you, to betray my secrets? why did you say I gave away my monies?

Jab. What harm did I do; nobody believed me.

Sheva. Go your ways, go your ways, you are not for my purpose; you are not for my purpose; you do let your idle tongue run away with you.

Jab. That is because you won't employ my teeth.

Sheva. You do prate too much; you do chatter, and bring your poor master into great straits; I have been much mal-treated and abused.

Jab. Have you so? I wish to goodness I had been by.

Sheva. Sirrah, you wish you had been by to hear your master abused.

Jab. Yes, for I would have dealt the fellow that abused you, such a recompence in the fifth button, that he should have remembered it as long as he lived. Damn it, do you think I would stand by and see my master abused?

Sheva. Don't you swear, don't you swear ; that is goot lad, but don't you swear.

Jab. Tho' I may be starv'd in your service, I will die in your defence.

Sheva. Well, well, you are a merry knave ; but my eyes do water a little ; the air is sharp, and they are weak ; go your ways, go your ways ; send Dorcas to me. (*Exit Jabal.*) I cannot tell what ails my heart all this day long, it is so troublesome. I have spent ten thousand pounds to make it quiet ; but there must be a little fraction more, I must give the poor knave something for his good will. (*Enter Dorcas.*) So, so, come hither, Dorcas, why do you look so sad ? what ails you, girl ? why do you cry ?

Dor. Because you are going to turn away Jabal ; he is the kindest, willingest, good-naturedest soul alive ; the house will be a dungeon without Jabal.

Sheva. Then tell him it is at your request I let him stay in his dungeon ; say that I was very angry with him, but that you pacified my anger.

Dor. Lord love your heart, that is so like you.

Sheva. Hark you, Dorcas, I will give you this piece of money to make the poor knave merry, but mind that you bestow it on him as your own little present, and promise not to say it comes from me.

Dor. Well, to be sure, you do not give your money like other people ; if ever I do a good turn, I take care the person I favor shall know from whence it comes ; that so he may have the pleasure of returning it. But here comes our friend and neighbour, Mrs. Goodison. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mrs. GOODISON.

— *Mrs. G.* Ah ! my good Sir, I perceive you are at your old sport ; no smoke in your kitchen ; no cloth upon your table ; full coffers, and an empty cupboard.

Sheva.

Sheva. No ; no ; my coffers are not full ; I am very poor just now.

Mrs. G. Come, then, and partake with one whom your bounty has made rich.

Sheva. Do not talk of my bounty ; I do never give away for bounty's sake ; if pity wrings it from my heart, whether I will or not, then I do give ; how can I help it ?

Mrs. G. Well, Sir, I can be silent, but I cannot forget ; and now, if you will come and share my grateful meal, perhaps I can shew you one of the loveliest objects in creation—a beautiful and amiable young bride, who, with her husband and mother, is now my lodger. She was married this very morning to your friend, Sir Stephen Bertram's son, who, between you and me, has brought himself into sad trouble by the match. But, surely, if there is a woman on earth worth being ruin'd for, it must be this young lady—so modest, so sweet tempered, so engaging ; Oh ! that Sir Stephen had your heart.

Sheva. It might be inconvenient to him if he had, it is not kept for nothing.

Mrs. G. You wou'd not turn such a daughter-in-law from your doors.

Sheva. Nor will he perhaps.

Mrs. G. Ah ! Sir, I know a little better ; the poor young gentleman himself told me he was ruin'd ; but don't be afraid to take me into your house, added he, with a sigh, that went to my heart ; I am provided with the means of doing justice to you, by a generous friend ; shewing me a bank bill of one hundred pounds—Heaven bless the generous friend, quoth I, and at that moment I thought of you, my good Mr. Sheva, who rescued me from the like distress, when my poor husband died.

Sheva. You may think of me, Mrs. Goodison, but I must beg you not speak of me, in the hearing of your lodgers,

Mrs. G. Very well, Sir, if I must not speak I must not ; yet a strange thing came out, in conversation with

with the mother of the bride, a very excellent lady, from whom I found out that she is the widow of that very gentleman we knew at Cadiz, by the name of Don Carlos.

Sheva. Mercy upon his heart ! he was the preserver of my life ; but for his charitable succour, this poor body would have fed the fires of an auto-da-fe. Is it possible Mrs. Ratcliffe is the widow of my benefactor ?

Mrs. G. Most certain that she is, which you may soon be convinced of. But I perceive you know the lady's name.

Sheva. Did you not name the lady yourself ?

Mrs. G. No, on my word ; Ah ! Sir, you're fairly caught, you have betrayed yourself ; ill deeds they say will come to light, and so will good ones, it should seem.

Sheva. Hold your tongue ; hold your tongue ; you forget I am fasting and without a dinner ; go your ways and I will follow ; you are nimble, I am slow, you will be shamed with your lodgers, if they see you with a poor old Jew like me.

Mrs. G. Ah ! you are cunning in your charities ; but I'll do as you wou'd have me, and be ready at the door to receive and welcome you.

[Exit.

Sheva. The widow of my preserver from the inquisitors of Cadiz, and the mother of my rescuer from the mob of London ! dear me, dear me ! How Providence disposes all things. The friend that's dead wants nothing, the friend that is alive shall likewise want nothing, that I can give him—Goot lack, goot lack, when I did heap up monies with such pains and labour, I did always think I shou'd find an use for them at last.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A handsome drawing room at Mrs. GOODISON'S.

Enter Mrs. RATCLIFFE, ELIZA, and CHARLES.

Cha. I've cleared myself to his father; and I'll clear myself to all the world.

Mrs. R. Charles, Charles, you soar too high.

Cha. Madam—Madam—

Mrs. R. How is your honour slighted, when your friend did'nt consult even his father?

Cha. He knew his father's mind too well.

Mrs. R. And what wou'd you have done?

Cha. I wou'd have sav'd my friend.

Eliza. And sacrificed your sister; that, let me say, is a high strain of friendship, but no great proof of brotherly affection.

Cha. Sister! there is more peace of mind sacrificed in indulging in an act to be repented of, than by foregoing a dishonourable propensity. The woman without fortune, that consents to a clandestine marriage with a man whose whole dependance is upon an unforgiving father, never can be justified.

Eliza. You argue from the unforgiving nature of Sir Stephen Bertram. You had experience of it; I had none.

Cha. You might have had, by an appeal to his consent, before you gave your own.

Mrs. R. You bear too hard upon your sister; you forget her sex, her situation, your own tenderness, and the affection you have ever borne her.

Cha. No, Madam: if I cou'd forget how proudly I have thought of her, I shou'd not be humbled by her conduct as I am. I own I stand in wonder and amaze at your indifference; you think I am too proud; you tell me that I soar too high; how was it when I was this Bertram's clerk? I bore my lot with patience; I submitted, without murmuring, to poverty—I cannot brook disgrace.

Eliza.

Eliza. Well Charles, if you could love me only whilst you thought me faultless, I must wonder how it was we were friends so long ; and now that you have said all that rigid justice can enforce against me, had you said less I shou'd have felt it more.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Charles, brother, friend ! will you not give me joy ? Come, man, shake off this cloud, and smile upon my happiness, we catch it but by gleams. *(ladies retire up the stage)*

Cha. Yes, Sir, we sometimes catch it by surprize and stealth ; we catch it by a breach of promise, and good faith—then to congratulate a man, in my sense of the word, wou'd be to libel him.

Fred. I have frequently seen cause to applaud your philosophy, Charles ; now I must think you carry it too far.

Cha. It touches you too near, therefore you like it not.

Fred. To that remark, I shou'd return an answer, were not these dear pledges present, that might a little ruffle your philosophy perhaps, but it wou'd fully vindicate my principle.

Cha. Postpone it then ; but don't forget it it.

Fred. When friends fall into altercation on such points as these, there shou'd be none to witness their folly.

Cha. Folly ! *(Mrs. R. coming forward to Charles)*.

Mrs. R. Son, son, no more of this.

Eliza. Stop, I conjure you both ; Charles, Charles, if you have love or pity left, let this dissention go no further ; and you, Frederick, husband, you—whose generous heart has put to a hazard every hope for me, and yet another proof of love, by suffering these rebukes with patience ; they are but flashes of a temper warm in friendship, glowing with honour, impatient of neglect ; perhaps my brother thinks ambition, meanness, artifice, might have

have some part, some influence in moving me to what I've done; I spurn such motives, disavow them all; were I in Frederick's place, and he in mine, I should have done as he did. I shou'd have thought no sacrifice too great to have secured a lasting interest in a heart like his.

Cha. This had been only ruin to yourself, this wou'd have had the plea of spirit, therefore more excuseable: but this no man of honour wou'd have suffer'd; therefore 'tis only said, not done.

Fred. Whatever my Eliza says, is done; her actions verify her words; and he that doubts them, wou'd dispute against the light of Heaven; 'tis I am advanced, she is abased; 'tis I that am enrich'd, Eliza is impoverish'd; I only risk a few sharp words, from an ungentle father; she suffers keen reproaches, undeserv'd, from an injurious brother.

Cha. Urge me no further—I can bear no more.

Eliza. Oh! my dear mother, save me. (*falls into Mrs. R's arms.*)

Fred. (*crossing to Eliza.*) There, there, you have struck her to the heart—and that's a coward's blow, (*apart to Charles*). My life—my soul—look up—dear madam, take her hence. (*Mrs. R. leads Eliza off.*)

Cha. A coward's blow! you recollect these words, and know their meaning, I suppose.

Fred. Yes, and will meet your comment, when you will, and where you will.

Cha. Then follow me, and we'll adjust that matter speedily.

Fred. I will but drop a tear upon the ruin you have made, and then be with you.

Cha. I'll wait for you below. [*Exit.*]

Eliza. Where are ye both, rash men?—Ah! Frederick, alone! what is become of Charles? why is he gone away? what have you said to him? I am sure you have quarrell'd.

Fred. No, no, not quarrell'd—only jarr'd, as friend's sometimes will do; all will be set to rights.

Eliza. How, when! why not this moment, in my

my hearing? I shall be happy to make peace between you.

Fred. Peace will be made, assure yourself, sweet love; these little heats are easily adjusted.

Eliza. But I cou'd do it best, you are too hot; both too hot and fiery.

Fred. We shall be cooler soon; such heats soon spend themselves, and then the heart is said to rest.

Eliza. Heaven grant such rest to your's.

Fred. Indeed!

Eliza. What says my Frederick? you are still discomposed—Your colour comes and goes—Oh! that my arms cou'd give you rest. Nay, what now my Frederick; you struggle to get loose—Are these soft toils uneasy to you? will not your proud swelling heart endure such gentle fond imprisonment?

Fred. Oh! thou angelic virtue! soul dissolving softness! wou'd I might expire enfolded in these arms. Love, I conjure thee to bear up: I am sure my father will take pity and be kind to thee; I shall assail his feelings in a manner that no person can resist; I am now going to put it to the proof,—farewell.

Eliza. Why in such haste? stay yet a little while, if you depart so soon, you'll meet Charles again; and then—

Fred. What then?

Eliza. Some fatal accident will be the issue of it. Alas! you know not what his passions are, when once inflamed; let them burn out, and then he's calm as water.

Fred. Where does this lead? you wou'd not make a coward of your husband?

Eliza. Not; nor wou'd you make a distracted wretch of your poor Eliza; therefore I will not let you loose, 'till you have promised me not to provoke him to more violence. Promise me this, and you shall go.

Fred. Well, then, if that will set your mind at rest, I promise you I will have no farther altercation with him,—not another word to gall him.

Eliza.

Eliza. You'll not renew your quarrel.

Fred. No, my Eliza, we'll end it, and dismiss it.

Eliza. And this you promise me, on your honour.

Fred. Yes, I do promise.

Eliza. Then all my fears are over, now you may go ; well, what withholds you ? what more do you wish than freedom, and release from my fond arms.

Fred. To snatch one last dear moment, and then die within them—Oh ! my soul's better part ; may Heaven preserve and bless you. *[Exit.*

Eliza. Now I am happy ; now I am secure ; this breach once healed, I can face all alarms.

[Exit.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

E

ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

*A Room at a Tavern.**Enter FREDERICK attended by a WAITER.*

FREDERICK:

IS the porter returned who went with my message to Mr. Saunders, at Sir Stephen Bertram's?

Waiter. He is, Sir, the gentleman will be here with you presently.

Fred. Shew him up, when he comes—there will be another gentleman call; I believe you know Mr. Ratcliffe?

Waiter. Yes, Sir; we know Mr. Ratcliffe very well.

Fred. If he comes whilst Mr. Saunders is here, request him to wait a few minutes till he is gone.

Waiter. I shall, Sir; any other commands?

Fred. None. (*Exit Waiter*) I scarce know what I have written to my father; yet, perhaps, these few lines, in such a moment, may dispose him to protect the widow, if fate will have it so, of a discarded son. Now I am ready for this angry champion, and since he is resolved to vindicate his courage by his sword, let him produce his weapons when he will, I'll not refuse the satisfaction he demands.

Enter JABAL in haste.

Jab. Oh! Sir, Sir, I'm overjoy'd to find you; come, I pray you come away to my old master, who is pining till he sees you.

Fred. Who is your master? And who are you?

Jab. As if you didn't know Jabal, who lives—no, hold there—who does not live, but starves with you!

your old friend, in Duke's place. Why, had a-
mercy! I knew your honour at the length of the
street, and saw you turn into this tavern; the pup-
pily waiter would have stopt me from coming to
you.

Fred. I wish you had taken his advice.

Jab. That could not be your wish, if you knew
all; sure enough I must hunt up Mr. Ratchiffe also,
for there is an iron in the fire for each of you; master
is making his will, lawyer Dash is at his elbow.

Fred. If the Devil was at his elbow, I cannot
come to him.

Jab. I wou'd not carry such a message back for all
the world—why, when lawyer Dash has pen and
ink in hand, and a will under his thumb—he'll dash
you in, or dash you out, in a crack.

Fred. Then temper your apology to your taste—
only let your master understand I cannot come.

Jab. I'll tell him you are married—that will be
a silencer at once.

Fred. Begone, make haste——

Jab. What's this—a sword on—Oh! ho!—some
mischief a foot; I'll let my old master know.——

(*aside.*) [Exit.]

Fred. Married! how cutting is that recollection!
joys just in sight, shewn only to be snatched away.
Dear, lost, undone, Eliza! but I won't think, for
that is madness.—Inexorable honour must be obey'd.

Enter SAUNDERS.

Saun. Mr. Bertram, I came to you the first mo-
ment I could get away—for I long'd to give you
joy.

Fred. Be silent on that subject, I conjure you;
the favour I have to ask of you, is simply this:—
here is a letter for my father, deliver it to him with
your own hands. You seem surprized!

Saun. I am, indeed—the impatience of your look
—the hurry of your speech—the place in which I
meet you——

Fred. The letter will explain all that ; I could not give it you in presence of my——Well, no matter—I take you for a man of honour, and my friend : will you give the letter ?

Saun. Assuredly. But if I am a man of honour and your friend, why will you not let me stay with you ? In truth, dear Frederick, I am a friend, that if you want him, will not flinch.

Fred. The friend I want is one that will not force his services upon me, when I can't accept of them ; but take my word at once, and leave me.

Saun. Enough, I am gone—— [Exit.

Fred. I have been harsh with that good man ; but this suspense is dreadful.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Mr. Ratcliffe desires to know if you are at leisure ?

Fred. Perfectly—let him know I'm at his service. [Exit Waiter.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. I have brought my sword, compare it with your own, and if you have a preference, make you choice. I presume you have no objection to the weapon ?

Fred. None, on my account, but a little, perhaps, on the score of vanity, as thinking I have some advantage over you, in point of skill and practice.

Cha. As far as that opinion goes, you're welcome to all the advantage it gives you—Oh ! Sir, this is a sorry business—will nothing else convince you I am incapable of giving a coward's blow ?

Fred. You have offered nothing else : it is a mode of your own chusing.

Cha. Your language forced it on me ; you have touched my feelings to the quick ; words, such as you made use of cannot be passed over without absolute

absolute disgrace, unless you will revoke them, by apology.

Fred. You may well conceive, Mr. Ratcliffe, with what repugnance I oppose myself to you on this occasion; whether the event be fatal to you, or to myself, small consolation will be left to the survivor. The course you take is warranted by every rule of honour, and you act no otherwise than I expected. But, as my expression justifies your challenge, so did your provocation justify my expression; and your language being addressed to a lady whom I have the honour to protect, it is not in my power to retract one tittle of what I said; for, were you to repeat the same insult, I should follow it with the same retort.

Char. If you hold to the words, I don't know how we can adjust it amicably.

Fred. I will speak plainly to you, and the rather because I am now, perhaps, speaking to you for the last time: admitted, by your sister's favour, into a family whose representative resents her conduct, I will not so disgrace her choice in your eyes, who have opposed it, as to submit in the first instance, to the most distant hint at an apology.

Char. No more—defend yourself—*(they fight, Charles is disarmed)* I am at your mercy.

Fred. I am at your's, dear Charles. Now, I retract my words, and blush for having used them.

Char. Oh! Frederick!

Sheva. *(without)* Let me in—let me in—I am Sheva, your friend. *(Enter Sheva)* Dear me! dear me! what have you been about? goodness defend me, is it come to this? are you not friends? are you not brothers? is that a reason you should quarrel? and if you differ, must you fight? can your swords argue better than their matters? you call that an affair of honour, I suppose; under favour, I do not call it a very honourable affair; 'tis only giving a fair name to a foul deed. Goot lack! goot lack! what is the matter with your wrist?

Cha. Nothing to signify ; a trifling scratch.

Sheva. I pray you come to my poor house, and let that scratch be healed ; you had great care for me, let me have some for you ; that is my sense of an affair of honour, to pay the debt that I do owe you, and to your sader, who preserved my life in Spain—that is my point of honour.

Cha. My father ! did you know my father ?

Sheva. That you shall hear, when I have shewn you how I mean to dispose of my affairs. As to you, Mr. Frederick—but come, come, let us depart, this is no place to talk in, put up your swords : I hope we have no further use for them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An apartment at Mrs. GOODISON's.

Enter Sir STEPHEN BERTRAM and Mrs. GOODISON.

Mrs. G. Your son is not at home, Sir Stephen, but Mrs. Bertram is ; and if you allow me to call her down, I'm sure she will be happy to pay her duty to you.

Sir S. A moment's patience ; Mrs. Goodison ; you seem much interested for this young bride, your lodger.

Mrs. G. It is impossible to be otherwise ; she has beauty to engage the eye, and manner to interest the heart.

Sir S. Some pride of family about her, I should guess ; a little of her brother's vivacity, perhaps.

Mrs. G. None that appears—mildness and modesty, and every gentle grace, seems inherently her own.

Sir S. Be pleased to tell her, I attend to pay my compliments, and as young lady's characters are not so easily developed in the company of their mothers,

BENEVOLENT HEBREW. 55

mothers, I shou'd be glad she wou'd allow me to confer with her alone. [*Exit. Mrs. Goodison.*] Now I shall have this mystery unravell'd ; Saunders's notion that the fortune comes from Sheva, is romantic in the extreme ; why shou'd he portion her ? She has no Jew's blood in her veins, we'll hope ; and as to a deception, that he dares not practice.—She comes—by Heaven ! a lovely creature.

Enter ELIZA.

Eliza. You honour me most highly, Sir.

Sir S. Not so, madam, the honor is conferred on me.

Eliza. How have I merited this condescension ?

Sir S. Call it not condescension ; it is no more than is due from one who is proud to embrace the title you have allowed him to assume.

Eliza. This is beyond my hopes ; will you permit me then to call myself your daughter, and entreat a blessing and a pardon on my knees ?

Sir S. Not for the world, in that submissive posture ; all you can ask is granted, with acknowledgments on my part for the happiness you have bestow'd upon my son.—Had certain circumstances occurred before your marriage, that have since turned up, I may presume, you would not have precipitated matters so—at least not in the secret manner they were carried.

Eliza. What circumstances, Sir, may you allude to ?

Sir S. The death, as I suppose, in your family—

Eliza. Good Heaven, forbid ! What death ?—My brother ?

Sir S. No ! your brother, madam ? no ! Pray be not thus alarm'd—I know your brother's circumstances too well to suppose your sudden fortune could proceed from him—Perhaps some distant relation—or some friend may have bequeathed.—

Eliza. What, let me ask, I know of no bequest ?

Sir S. Call it a gift then, a donation on your marriage.

marriage.—It must have been an agreeable surprize to my son, to have been presented with a fortune so unexpected.

Eliza. I am loth to think Sir Stephen Bertram can descend to ridicule my poverty.—That I should be regarded by you as an unwelcome intruder upon your family, I can well believe—conscious that I have incurred your displeasure, I shall patiently endeavour to soften it, by submission and obedience.

Sir S. Madam, that answer is at once so pacifying and so candid, that if the information I have had of your being possessed of ten thousand pounds for your fortune, be false,—tho' I thought I had pretty strong evidence of it—

Eliza. Impossible!—I'm sure your son, I am sure my brother, never told you this.

Sir S. I cannot say they did.

Eliza. No, I'll engage for them, they wou'd disdain so gross and palpable a deceit.

Sir S. Well, be it as it may, with or without a fortune, portioned or pennyless, I feel myself so irresistibly impelled to open my arms to you as a father, that whether Sheva has or has not deceived me, I here deposit my resentment, and by what I experience of your power over my heart, most thoroughly acquit my son for having surrendered his.

Eliza. It is the impulse of your own generosity, not any impression of my giving, that moves your heart to pity and forgiveness—but, who is Sheva, that you seem to point at as the author of this falsehood?

Sir S. Sheva, the Jew—surely you know the man?

Eliza. Thank heaven, I do not. I can safely say I never, to my recollection, heard his name before. Some vile impostor, I suppose.

Sir S. Not quite that, tho' bad enough to be so treated, if he has practiced this deceit on me.—Sheva's my broker, your husband knows him well, a miserly,

a miserly, methodical, old Alley drudge, who shew'd me what I believed a true receipt for ten thousand pounds, vested in your name in the funds. —One of my people wou'd have persuaded me it was his own voluntary benefaction—but if you don't know him, never saw him, never heard his name, the thing's impossible.

Eliza. Totally so, without one ray of probability; the man is either mad or mischievous; no Jew of that or any other name do I know.

Sir S. Your merit then, and not your fortune, shall endear you to me; I will strike out ten thousand pounds, that I perceive you are not possess'd of, and write in ten thousand graces, which I perceive you are mistress of, and so balance the account. —Now, Saunders! what's the matter?

Enter SAUNDERS.

Saun. Your son requested me to give this letter into your hands.

Sir S. No, no, there needs no letter—tell him it is done; say that you found me conquer'd in less time than he was; bid him make haste hither in person, before I run away with his wife, and let him write no more letters, for I won't read a word of them.

Eliza. Wo'nt you be pleased to open your letter?

Sir S. Positively I will not read it, because Frederick shall not have it to say, that his rhetorick had any share in making me a convert.—If it is, as I suppose, a recital of your graces and good qualities, I do not want his description, to assist my sense of what I see. But if you have a wish to see your own fair person painted by his hand, you are welcome to indulge it—break the seal.

[*Exit SAUNDERS.*

Eliza. 'Tis short, I'll read it to you. "I am at this instant summons'd by Charles Ratcliffe, on a point of honor, sword to sword."—Oh! Heavens! I can no more.—

[*Drops the letter.*

Sir S.

Sir S. What is it? What alarms you?

Eliza. Oh! That letter,—that letter—my husband and my brother, or one or both have fallen.

Sir S. Merciful powers forbid it.

[takes up the letter.]

Eliza. Stop not to read it, fly and take me with you—plant me between them—I am the cause of quarrel—let the sword that aims to pierce a heart dearer than my own, lodge in my guilty bosom.

Sir S. Oh! Horrible to thought!—Hark!—Who is coming?

Eliza. The messenger of death—let him not speak, his very look will kill me.

Enter FREDERICK and CHARLES.

Fred. My love—my life—my ever dear Eliza!—

Eliza. Where is your wound?—What is become of Charles?

Char. Here is your happy brother, all is well, we are both here with friendly hearts, and joyful news to greet you,—a slight graze of your brave husband's sword disarm'd me of my weapon, and both our rash hearts of their anger; now lay aside your fears, and prepare yourself for wonders.

Fred. Oh! Sir, I have offended you, but---

Sir S. But what?—You have an advocate that makes all hearts her own; spare your appeal, you will but waste your words.

Enter Mrs. RATCLIFFE.

Eliza. Oh! My dear madam, I have joy to give you—let me present you to my Frederick's father.

Sir S. Yes, madam, and the greatest joy that son ever conferred upon me, is the title he has given me, to claim a father's share with you, in this angel of a daughter.

Mrs. R. Such she has been to me, I am blest to hear you say that you approve her.

Sir S. Frederick, give me your hand—if you had brought

BENEVOLENT* HEBREW. 59

brought me half the Indias with -a wife, I should not have joined your hand to her's with such sincere delight.

Fred. How generous is that declaration! Now, Charles, 'tis time to introduce our friend.

[CHARLES goes out.]

Mrs. R. What does he mean, Eliza?

Eliza. I know no more than you--some new wonder.

Enter CHARLES and SHEVA.

Cha. This is the man—my benefactor—your's Eliza—Frederick your's—dear madam, all mankind's; the widow's friend, the orphan's father, the poor man's protector, the universal philanthropist.

Sheva. Hush, hush, you make me hide my face
(covers his face.)

Cha. Ah! Sir, 'tis now too late to cover your good deeds; you have long masked your charities beneath this humble seeming, and shrunk back from actions, princes might have gloried in; you must now face the world, and transfer the blush from your own cheeks, to their's whom prejudice had taught to scorn you; for your single sake, we must reform our hearts, and inspire with them candour towards your whole nation.

Sheva. Enough! enough! more than enough—I pray you spare me, I am not used to hear the voice of praise, and it oppresses me. I should not know myself if you were to describe me; I must refute the praises of this gentleman. That lady, I believe, is Mrs. Ratchiffe, she does not know me, I will not touch upon a melancholy subject, else I cou'd tell a story—merciful Heaven! what horrors was I snatched from—by her husband, now, alas! no more.

Sir R. Oh! gracious powers, the Jew of Cadiz!

Sheva. The very same---your debtor in no less a sum than all that I possess, the earnings of a life, preserved first by your husband, and again by your son---why am I praised then if I am merely honest, and discharge my debts.

Sir S.

Sir S. Ah! now the mystery's solv'd—The ten thousand pounds were your's.—Give them to Ratcliffe. I will have nothing from fortune, where nature gives so much.

Sheva. That is a noble speech and worthy of a British merchant; but monies does not lessen merit, at least not always, as I hope, for Mr. Ratcliffe's sake, for he is heir of all that I possess.

Mrs. R. What can I say? my heart's too full for utterance; O! Charles, the fortunes of your house revive; surely the blessed spirit of your father now sympathizes in our joy; remember, son, to whom you owe this happiness, and emulate his virtues.

Cha. If I forget to treat my fortune, as becomes the son of such a father, and the heir of such a benefactor, your warning will be my condemnation.

Fred. That it will never be—the treasure that integrity has collected, cannot be better lodged than in the hands of honour.

Sir S. That is a mine of wealth.

Sheva. Excuse me, goot Sir Stephen, it is not a mine, for it was never out of sight of those who search'd for it; the poor man did not dig for it in vain, and where I now bestow it, it will be found by him again. I do not bury it in a synagogue, or any other costly pile; I do not waste it upon vanity or public works; I leave it to a charitable heir, and build my hospital in the human heart.

F I N I S



